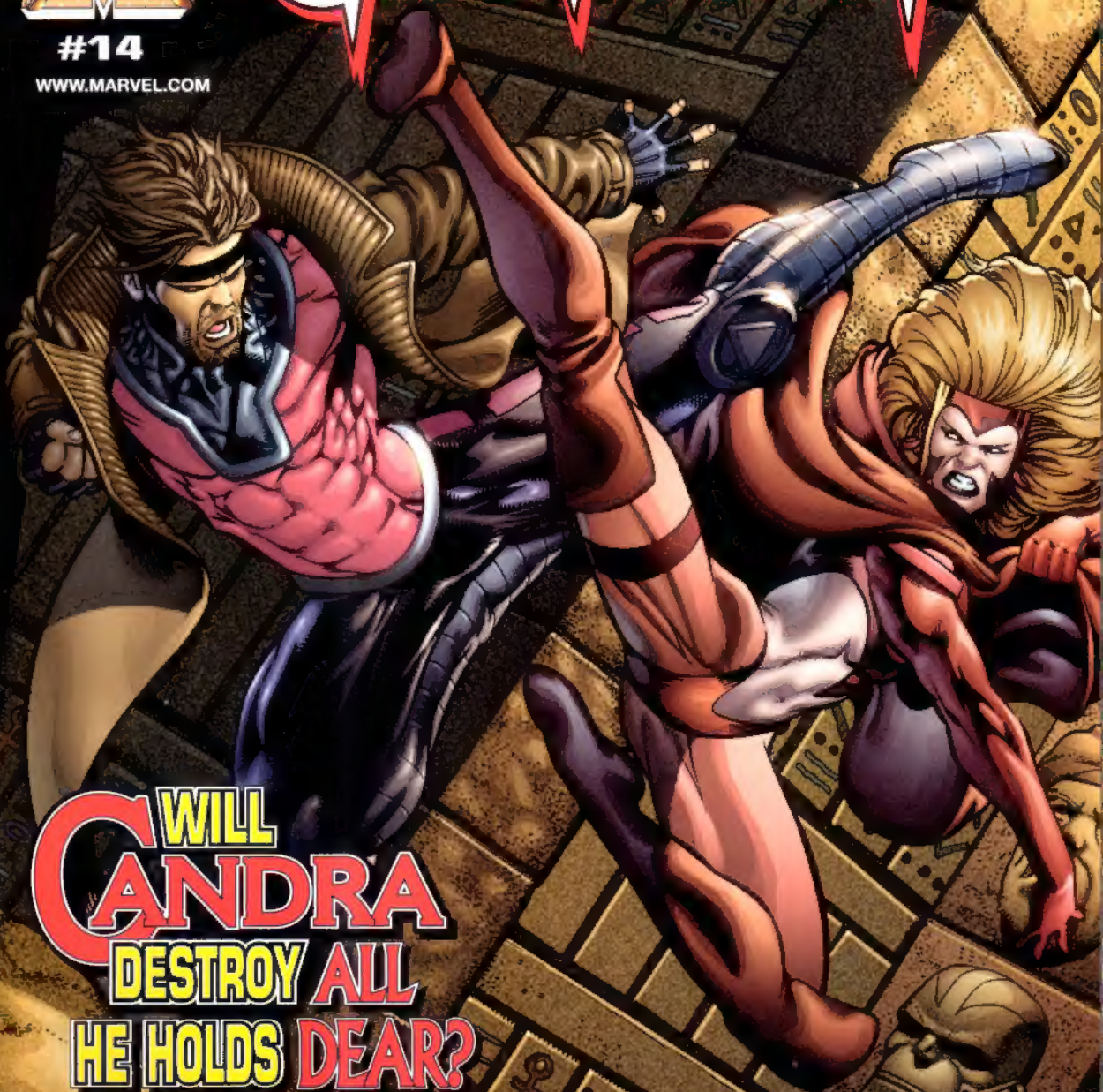




#14

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GAMBIT



**WILL
CANDRA
DESTROY ALL
HE HOLDS DEAR?**



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Digital
Broome

NICIEZA WILLIAMS LANNING

1891.

THEY SWEAT, FROM
FEAR, NOT HEAT.

THEY ARE CLAN LEBEAU
OF THE NEW ORLEANS
THIEVES GUILD.

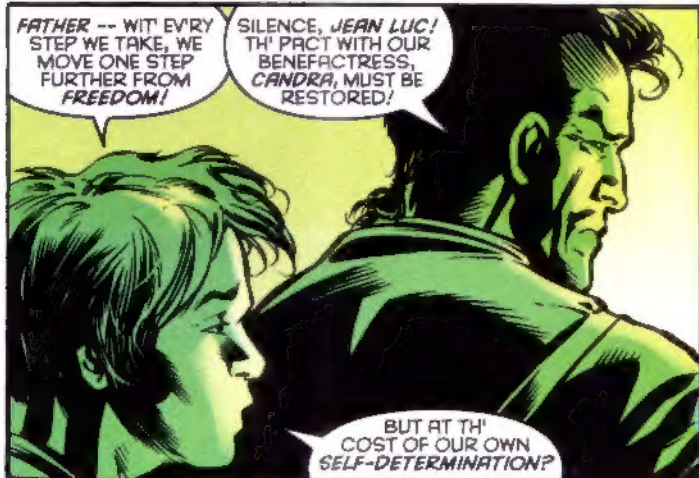
THEY STEAL INTO HOMES, MUSEUMS --
OR UNDERGROUND CATACOMBS
BENEATH ANCIENT PYRAMIDS --
AS A MATTER OF ROUTINE.



BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT.
THIS IS WALKING INTO
HELL TO STEAL A GLASS
OF WATER FROM SATAN'S
NIGHT TABLE!

FATHER -- WIT' EV'RY
STEP WE TAKE, WE
MOVE ONE STEP
FURTHER FROM
FREEDOM!

SILENCE, JEAN LUC!
TH' PACT WITH OUR
BENEFACTRESS,
CANDRA, MUST BE
RESTORED!



BUT AT TH'
COST OF OUR OWN
SELF-DETERMINATION?



"JEHOVAH" IN HEBREW
IS SPELLED WIT' AN
"H" -- I SHOULD'VE
REMEMBERED
DAT.

THEY CHUCKLE, RELIEVED
TO BE ALIVE.

BUT SOON THEY CLEAR
THE DUST FROM THEIR
EYES AND REALIZE...

... THEY MAY NOT BE
ALIVE MUCH LONGER!

WHO
DARES TREAD
BENEATH THE SANDS
OF MORDELL TO
DEFILE THE EARTHBOUND
SANCTUM OF THE
FOREVER
WALKER?

HIS VOICE, LIKE HIS BODY
AND THE SOUNDS OF HIS
SLOW MOVEMENTS, IS THE
GRINDING OF STONE ON
STONE.

THE GUILD LOOKS ABOVE
THEM... AND SEE AS HIGH
AS HEAVEN (EVEN THOUGH
THEY ONLY WENT DOWN ABOUT
THIRTY FEET AFTER BREAKING IN).

THEY LOOK BELOW
THEM... AND SEE THE
BLACK DEPTHS OF
HADES.

STORY OF THEIR
LONG LIVES --
STUCK BETWEEN
THE TWO.

ONLY THIS DAY, THEY'RE
GOING TO HAVE TO
CHOOSE A DIRECTION!

REMY LeBEAU HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE OUTSIDER. ORPHANED AT BIRTH, HE WAS ADOPTED BY THE LEGENDARY THIEVES GUILD OF NEW ORLEANS, OFTEN SHUNNED BY HIS PEERS BECAUSE OF HIS STRANGE BURNING RED EYES. EVENTUALLY, HE REALIZED HE IS A MUTANT -- GIFTED AT BIRTH WITH THE ABILITY TO CHARGE INANIMATE OBJECTS WITH BIOKINETIC ENERGY THAT IS EXPLOSIVELY RELEASED! HE'S CHARMING. HE'S DEADLY. STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE MOST MYSTERIOUS X-MAN OF ALL!

The **SUNSET DAWN** Book 3:

GAMBIT
tomorrow starts today

Fabian Nicieza & Anthony Williams
writer • penciler

Andy Lanning
inker

Tom Smith
colors

Richard Starkings & Comcraft's Troy Peterl letters • Mike Marts editor • Bob Harras Forever Sitter

MOROCCOP SIR, WE ARE
BENEATH TH' PYRAMIDS
OUTSIDE OF BANI MAZA
IN EGYPT.

ARE YOU
OZYMANDIAS,
FABLED KING OF
EGYPT --

-- AN'
ETERNAL
GATEKEEPER
T' TH' HOME OF
EN SABAH NUR,
TH' FOREVER
WALKER?

I AM.
YOU ARE JACQUES
LEBEAU, PATRIARCH
OF AN OLD KINGDOM
CLAN?

TH' OLD
KINGDOM IS
LONG DEAD AN'
BURIED. OUR CLAN
SEEKS T' RECLAIM
IT THROUGH TH'
GATHERIN' OF
ANCIENT
WISDOM.

AND SO
YOU SEEK
TO FIND IT
HERE?

THE OLD
KINGDOM
PREDATES EVEN
EN SABAH NUR'S
FIRST FOOTSTEPS
ALONG THIS
IMMORTAL
COIL.

WE SEEK INFORMATION ON
EN SABAH NUR HIMSELF...
FOR ANOTHER WHO HAS
WALKED TH' COIL
'LONGSIDE HIM.

DO NOT PLAY COY,
THIEF. YOU REPRESENT
THE INTERESTS OF THE
IMMORTAL LANDRA
OF THE FLOATING
SPIRES.

HOW
D' YOU KNOW
ALL DIS?

KNOWING IS
ALL I HAVE BEEN
ALLOWED TO
DO, ROULER
MARCEAUX.

WHY NOT
CIRCUMVENT THE
MAZE YOU RUN
LIKE MICE AND ASK
DIRECTLY OF ME
REGARDING THE OLD
KINGDOM?

THEY SWEAT, KNOWING
THEY ARE ABOUT TO
MAKE A DEAL... NOT WITH
THE DEVIL... BUT WITH
THE WHISPER IN THE
DEVIL'S EAR...

NEW YORK CITY.

TWO WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE HE AGREED TO MAKE A DEAL WITH HIS OWN PERSONAL DEVIL.

REMY LEBEAU, AKA GAMBIT, HAS A HISTORY WITH THIS MAN... THE STRANGE THING BEING THAT IT JUST HADN'T HAPPENED YET.

THE X-MAN TRAVELED BACK IN TIME TO SAVE HIS GUILD FROM UTTER DESTRUCTION, CONSIGNING THEM INSTEAD TO ANOTHER CENTURY OF SERVITUDE.

BUT IN ORDER TO SAVE THE GUILD FROM THEMSELVES, HE HAD TO FIRST SAVE THEM FROM SINISTER...

S' BEEN LONG ENOUGH --
FIX HIM OR
I'LL FIX
YOU!

WOULD
THAT IT WERE
SO SIMPLE, MY
MYSTERIOUS
FRIEND.

AND THANK
YOU, YES, YOUR
MUTANT ABILITY
TO CHANNEL
BIOKINETIC PULSES
OF ENERGY INTO
ORGANIC
MATTER --

-- WAS QUITE
IMPRESSIVE UP TO
THE FIFTIETH TIME
YOU THREATENED
ME WITH IT.

BUT IT
WILL NOT ENABLE
ME TO RESUSCITATE
YOUR MUTANT
FRIEND'S MALLEABLE
PHYSIOLOGY
ANY FASTER.

REMY KNOWS SINISTER IN THE
FUTURE. BUT NOW -- TODAY --
THERE IS LESS COLDNESS TO
HIM. DARE HE CALL IT A SENSE
OF MALEVOLENT PANACHE?

BUT REMY'S READ THE GOOD BOOK. HE KNOWS THE DEVIL COMES GIFT-WRAPPED IN PRETTY PAPER.

WE HAD A DEAL, ESSEX. YOU SENT TH' GUILD ON CANDRA'S WILD GOOSE CHASE TO FIND EN SABAH NUR --

-- YOU ASSURED ME WE COULD CATCH UP WITH 'EM ANYTIME WE WANTED TO --

-- AN' YOU TOL' ME YOU WOULD SPARE MY FRIEND'S LIFE!

AND I HAVE HELD UP EACH PART OF THE BARGAIN.

GUILD'S BEEN MISSIN' WITH NO WORD, WE DON' EVEN KNOW WHERE THEY ARE --

-- AN' JAKE'S STILL A BIG BOWL OF MUSH!

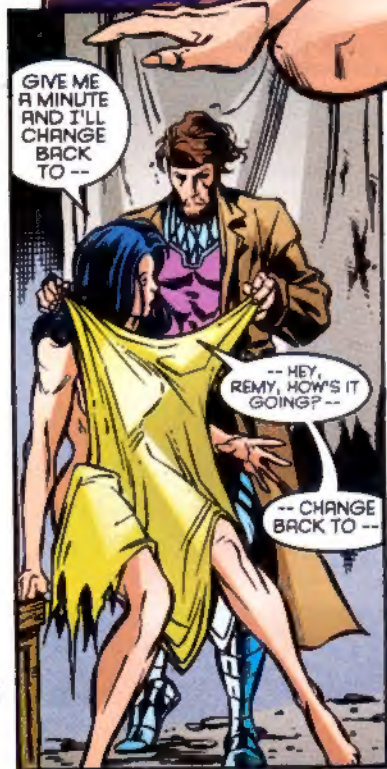
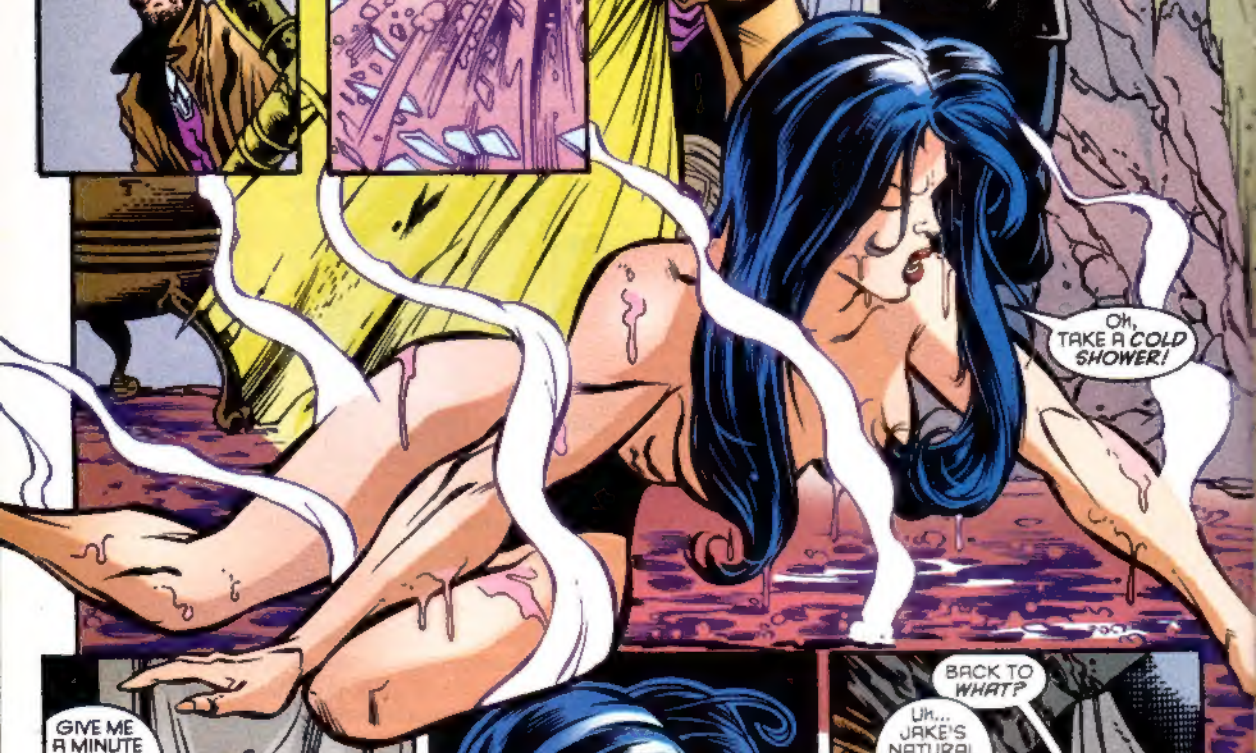
SLASS

AS TO THE FORMER, WHEN NECESSARY, WE CAN REACH THEM. AS TO THE LATTER...

...YOUR LADY'S RATHER... **EXCITABLE...** METABOLISM REQUIRED RATHER EXTENSIVE STUDY.

SHE'S NOT MY LADY...

I BELIEVE, THOUGH, THAT I HAVE DEDUCED THE MEANS TO RESTORE HER **FLUCTUATING** CELLULAR STRUCTURE TO A MORE **COHESIVE** STATE...





PERMANENTLY?!
HELLOP?

COULD BE
WORSE.

FOR YOU,
MAYBE -- STOP
LOOKING AT ME
LIKE THAT!

LIKE
WHAT?

LIKE I WOULD
BE LOOKING AT ME
IF IT WEREN'T ME I
WAS LOOKING AT!

I'M
CONFUSED.

ME, TOO.
UPDATE, PLEASE.



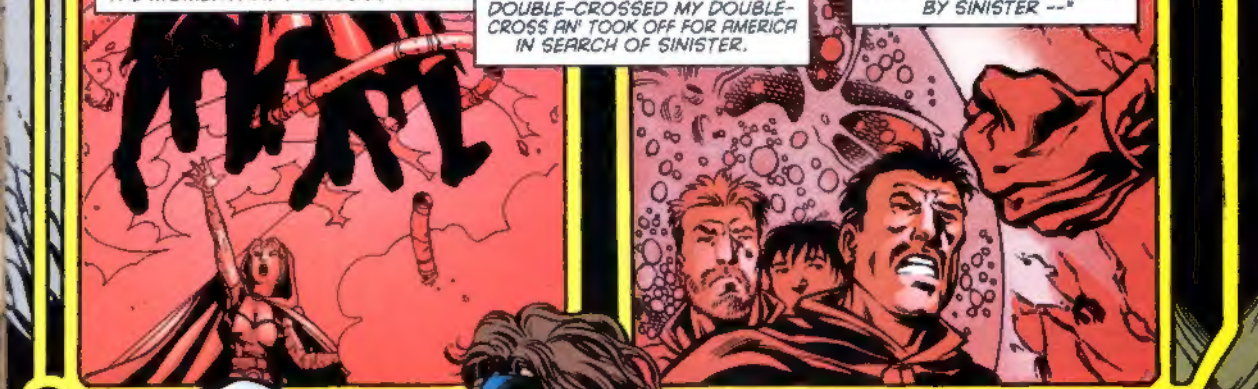
REMY RANTS: "YOU DO
REMEMBER GOIN' TO
LATVERIA AND USIN' DR.
DOOM'S TIME MACHINE TO
TRAVEL TO 1891
LONDON, RIGHT?"

LOOK SAYS:
"YES."

"OKAY, SO WE TRIED TO SAVE THE
GUILD AN' MY ADOPTIVE FATHER, JEAN
LUC, FROM CANDRA, WHO WAS MAD
AT THEM FOR HAVIN' FAILED T' STEAL
THE MOMENTARY PRINCESS IN 1887.

"IDIOTS THAT THEY ARE, THEY
DOUBLE-CROSSED MY DOUBLE-
CROSS AN' TOOK OFF FOR AMERICA
IN SEARCH OF SINISTER.

"I GOT TO THEM MINUTES
AFTER THEY'D BEEN CAPTURED
BY SINISTER --"



-- AN' THAT'S
WHEN I SAW HE
HAD YOU BOTTLED
UP IN A BIG TUBE OF
JELLO. IT'S BEEN TWO
WEEKS SINCE THEN.

THAT
LONG? I
REMEMBER
CHANGING
INTO FEMALE
FORM --

-- GOING TO
DR. MILBURY'S
OFFICE IN
MANHATTAN --

-- HE KNEW
SOMETHING WAS
HINKY WITH ME -- HE
INJECTED ME WITH
SOMETHING -- AND
THEN I WOKE UP
HERE.

SO
BASICALLY, TO
SAVE MY LIFE AND
THE GUILD, YOU HAD
TO MAKE A DEAL
WITH HIM,
RIGHT?

YAH,
HE GAVE TH'
GUILD INFO ON
FINDING APOCALYPSE
AN' HE RESTORED
YOU TO... WELL,
THIS.

AND WHAT
DID SINISTER
GET?

Uhm... A
LITTLE PIECE
OF YOU.



WAIT A MINUTE -- ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW, YOU DIDN'T WANT HIM TO HAVE A PIECE OF ME, REMEMBER? *

I KNOW, BUT I FIGURED WE DO IT AGAIN -- WHAT WE DID -- Uhm... WILL DO -- YOU KNOW!

GAMBIT #9.
-- MIKE

OH... SINCE I CONTROL EVERY CELL IN MY BODY, I'LL JUST DESTROY WHATEVER YOU GAVE HIM ONCE WE LEAVE?

YAH.

OKAY. GOOD IDEA. HERE GOES...

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Uhm... I CAN'T FIND ME.

IS THIS LIKE AN OPRAH-THING?

NO -- I MEAN LITERALLY --

THE TIME HAS COME TO TRACK DOWN THE THIEVES GUILD...

Uhm... WHAT DOES THAT DO, LIKE, DRILL THROUGH THE EARTH?

YOU HAVE BEEN READING YOUR VERNE, HAVEN'T YOU? NO...

... THIS TRANSPORT IS A LITTLE SOMETHING I PICKED UP DURING MY LAST ENCOUNTER WITH EN SABAH NUR --

-- AND WITH IT, WE ARE ABLE TO TRAVEL BETWEEN SPACE, RATHER THAN THROUGH IT!





MEANWHILE...

TRUE. BUT
OUR PAST WAS
FAR LONGER TO
ITS EXISTENCE THAN
YOUR PRESENT
IS.

THERE IS KNOWLEDGE
HERE DAT'S BEEN
LOST FOR
THOUSANDS
OF YEARS!

WHAT
DOES YOUR
MASTER HOPE T'
DO WITH ALL DIS
INFORMATION?

AH, NATURAL
SELECTION...
EVER THE
RALLYING
CRY OF THE
CRUEL AT
HEART!

SERVE THE
NATURAL
ORDER
OF THE
UNIVERSE.

THERE
ARE WHOLE
TRACTS
RELATING
T' TH' OLD
KINGDOM!

BUT YOU SAID
YOUR MASTER CAME
AFTER TH' FALL OF
TH' KINGDOM!

THAT IS
WHY EN SABAH
NUR HAS EVER
BEEN A
FOOL!

I WOULD
NOT WASTE
THE WORLD FOR A
CONFLAGRATION OF
UNPRECEDENTED
EGO!

WHY
DESTROY THAT
WHICH YOU
COULD MAKE
SERVE?

I THANK
YOU, CLAN
LeBEAU, FOR
UNWITTINGLY
LEADING ME
TO THIS
PLACE.

BY DOING
SO, YOU HAVE
ENSURED
TOMORROW'S
CONTINUED
EXISTENCE!

AFTER ALL,
WHICH WOULD YOU
PREFER, TO BE CRUSHED
UNDERFOOT BY EN
SABAH NUR'S
BOOTED HEEL --

-- OR TO
LIVE IN PARADISE,
OWNED BODY AND
SOUL, BY CANDRA
OF THE FLOATING
SPIRES?



INTERLUDE 1

REMY --
SORRY I'M
LATE.

S'OKAY, GAVE
THE BOTTLE
TIME TO
BREATHE.

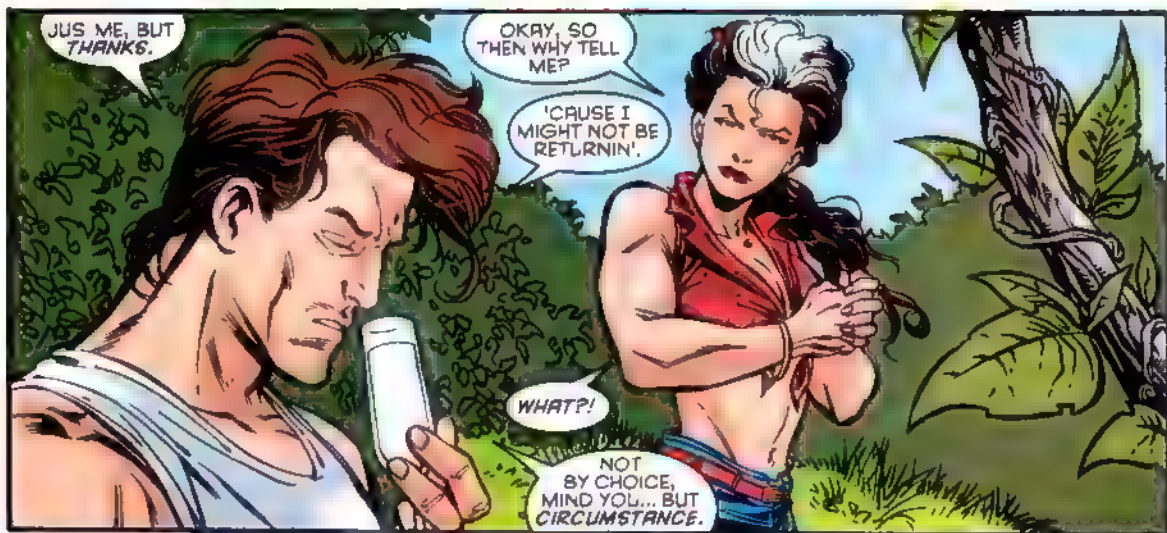
OH, LOOK
AT THIS SPREAD..
WHAT EXACTLY IS
SO MPORTANT THAT
YOU'RE GONNA GO
AN' BUTTER ME
ALL UP?

WHY, ROGUE, I'M
INSULTED BY THAT --
THOUGH THE POSSIBILITIES
WILL BOUNCE 'ROUND
MY BRAIN FOR A
WHILE...

CARE
FOR SOME
IMPORTED
GRUYERE?

GOTTA GO
ON A TRP FAMILY
BUSINESS.

WHEN DO WE
LEAVE?



JUS ME, BUT
THANKS.

OKAY, SO
THEN WHY TELL
ME?

'CAUSE I
MIGHT NOT BE
RETURNIN'.

WHAT?!

NOT
BY CHOICE,
MIND YOU... BUT
CIRCUMSTANCE.



MMM. NICE
MERLOT.

BOY'S TASTES ARE
X-QUISITE... WHICH IS
APPROPRIATE, SINCE
HE'S AN X-MAN!

WHAT
THE --? WHO
ARE YOU?

NAME'S
FONTANELLE.
I'M A MUTANT
DREAM-THERAPIST.

MMM...
INTERESTING
DREAM... SOME
CONFLICT FOR YOU.
HARD TO LOVE HIM.
EASY TO HATE HIM.

I CAN SEE HOW THE
CAJUN COULD BRING
THAT OUT IN SOMEONE.
BEEN DOING WORK ON
HIM FOR A WHILE NOW --
FOR HIM, TOO. THOUGH
HE DOESN'T REALIZE
THAT YET.

I'M SCRAPING
YOUR DREAMS --
YOUR MEMORY --
OF THE PICNIC YOU
HAD A COUPLE OF
WEEKS AGO WITH
REMY BECAUSE
HE NEEDS YOUR
HELP.

HE DID GO BACK
IN TIME -- BUT SOME
HARD CHOICES HAD
TO BE MADE IN
ORDER FOR REMY
TO DO IT--

-- SOME
FRIENDS WERE
LEFT BEHIND --
AND THEY'RE IN
TROUBLE --

-- THEIR
DREAMS ARE
SCATTERED,
FRACTURED
THINGS -- THEY
NEED YOUR
HELP!

HOW?

GO WHERE
IT ALL STARTED --
GO SEE JEAN LUC
LEBEAU...

END INTERLUDE I

INTERLUDE 2

THE COLD ROCKY MOUNTAIN WIND SLICES THROUGH HIS PIN-FEATHERS.



HE SEES A COYOTE FAR BELOW, HUNTING A PRAIRIE DOG. PURE IN FUNCTION, ELEGANT IN EXECUTION.

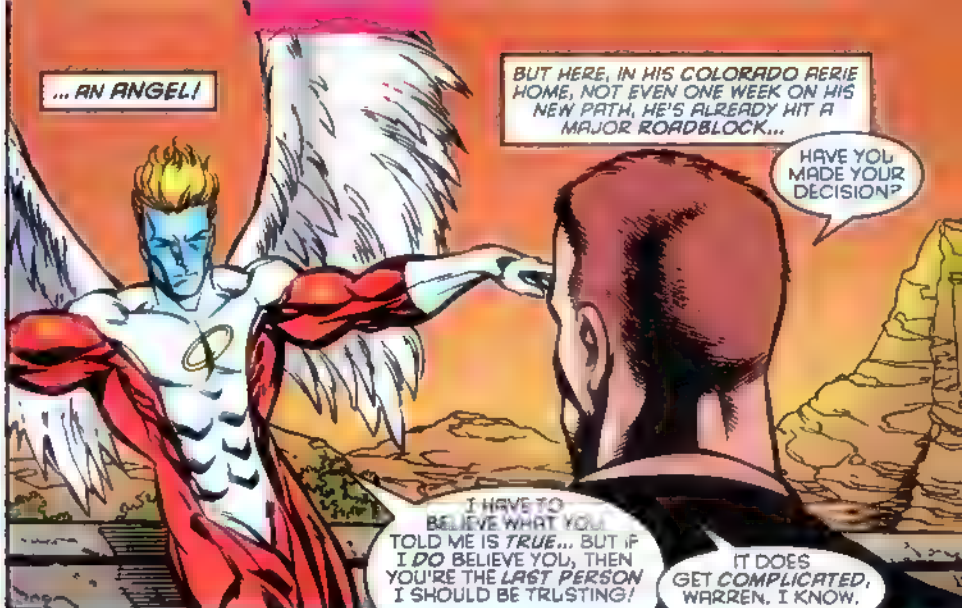
HE COULD BE A HAWK, IF HE WANTED TO. A PREDATOR. HE HAD BEEN ONE FOR A SHORT TIME, AFTER ALL.

FOR SO LONG, WARREN WORTHINGTON III HASN'T FIGURED OUT EXACTLY WHAT HE WANTS TO BE -- OR WHO HE SHOULD BE.

RECENTLY, HE TOOK HIS FIRST STEPS DOWN THE HARD ROAD OF SELF-AWARENESS.

THE FOUNDING MEMBER OF THE OUT-LAW X-MEN HAS DECIDED TO NOW BECOME, IN DEED AS WELL AS NAME...

... AN ANGEL!

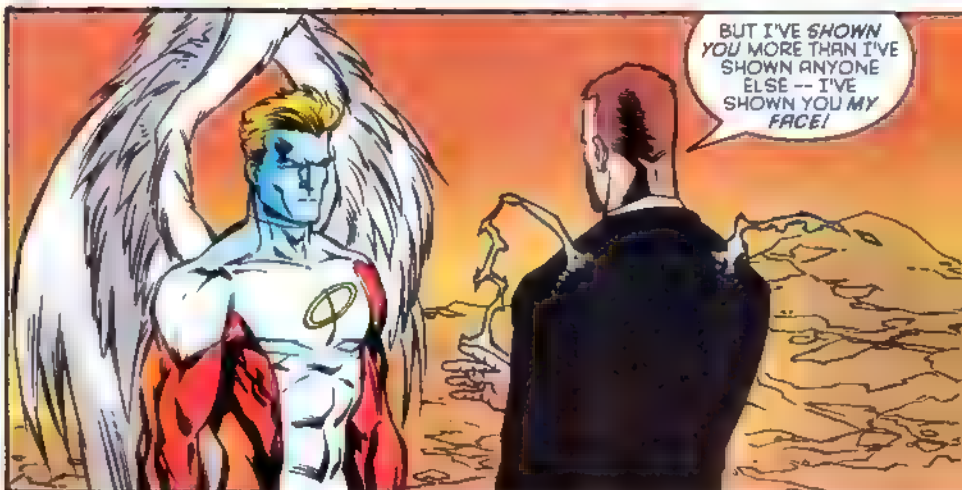


BUT HERE, IN HIS COLORADO AERIE HOME, NOT EVEN ONE WEEK ON HIS NEW PATH, HE'S ALREADY HIT A MAJOR ROADBLOCK...

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR DECISION?

I HAVE TO BELIEVE WHAT YOU TOLD ME IS TRUE... BUT IF I DO BELIEVE YOU, THEN YOU'RE THE LAST PERSON I SHOULD BE TRUSTING!

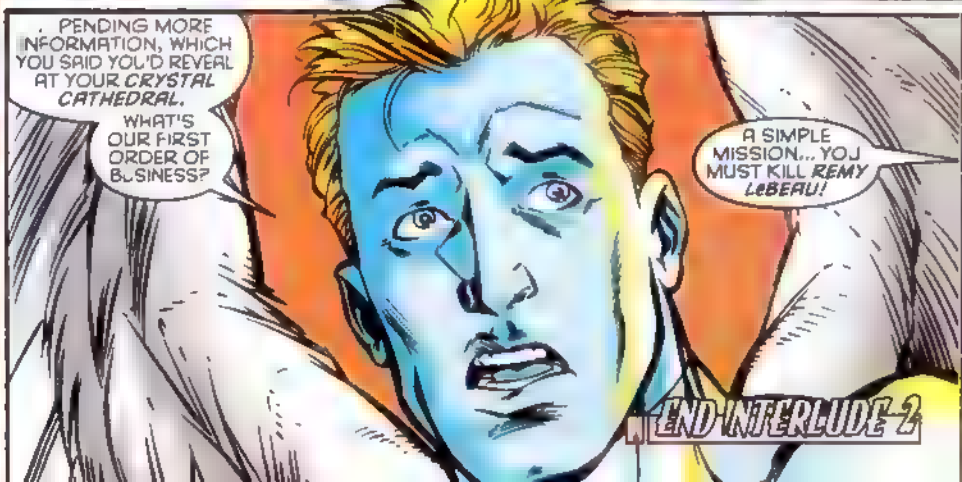
IT DOES GET COMPLICATED, WARREN. I KNOW.



BUT I'VE SHOWN YOU MORE THAN I'VE SHOWN ANYONE ELSE -- I'VE SHOWN YOU MY FACE!



OKAY. FOR NOW, I'M WITH YOU.



PENDING MORE INFORMATION, WHICH YOU SAID YOU'D REVEAL AT YOUR CRYSTAL CATHEDRAL.

WHAT'S OUR FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS?

A SIMPLE MISSION... YOU MUST KILL REMY LEBEAU!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE PAST...

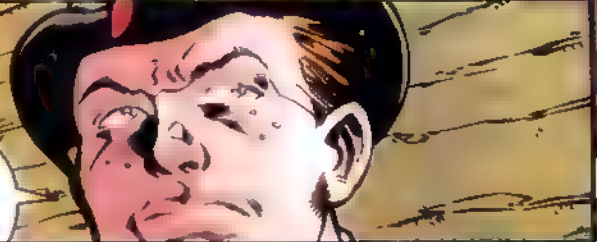
"WE TRANSLATED TH' TEXTS PROPERLY, CANDRA --"

-- TH' LANGUAGE OF TH' OLD KINGDOM SHOULD ALLOW YOU TO FOLD SPACE THROUGH MAGIC... JUST AS EN SABAH NUR HAS THROUGH SCIENCE!



I CAN BELIEVE THEY'RE DOIN' DIS, BELIZE! JUS' HANDIN' POWER OVER T' HER!

LOOK AT IT DIS WAY, JEAN LUC, DEY'RE GIVIN' HER A PIECE O' THE PIE. BUT SAVIN' TH REST FOR DEMSELVES!



"BUT ALL OUR FAMILY'S DO N IS ADDIN' T' TH POWER CANDRA ALREADY HAS!"

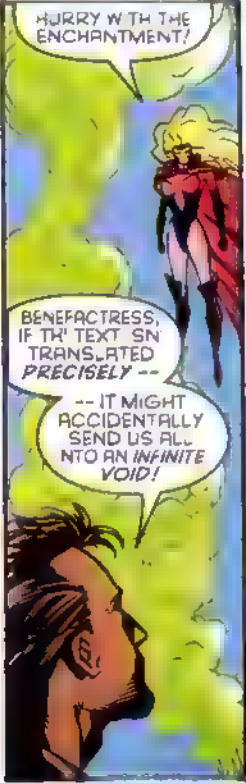
URK --



HURRY WTH THE ENCHANTMENT!

BENEFACTRESS, IF TH' TEXT SN TRANSLATED PRECISELY --

-- IT MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY SEND US ALL NTO AN INFINITE VOID!



WHICH MIGHT BE PREFERABLE TO YOUR UNSUFFERABLE FANATICISM..

A TREMOR --P



WAAHROOOMMM

BUFFETED BY THE EXPANDING
AND COLLAPSING HOLE IN SPACE
THE WORDS OF JACQUES LEBEAU
COME BACK TO HAUNT CANDRA --

" -- AS EN SABAH NUR
HAS THROUGH SCIENCE!"

AN EPILEPTIC SLAP OF PANIC
SLICES THROUGH HER -- HAS
THE FOREVER WALKER AWAKENED
BEFORE THE CENTENNIAL DAWN?


TH' PLATFORM'S
TOPPLIN'!

WACHDOOM

SLSSSS

BUT IT'S NOT
APOCALYPSE...
IT'S GAMBIT.

THOUGH THAT ANSWER
DOES MORE TO CREATE
NEW FEARS THAN IT DOES
TO ALLEVIATE OLD ONES



HOW DID HE FIND THE MEANS TO FOLD SPACE LIKE THAT?

WHO IS HE, THIS MYSTERIOUS, ALLURING WILD CARD --

-- WHO KNOWS MORE THAN HE LETS ON?

WHY DOES HE CARE SO MUCH ABOUT THE GUILD'S WELFARE -- ESPECIALLY YOUNG JEAN LUC LEBEAU?

THE BOY, SHE THINKS...

JEAN LUC --

-- DUCK!

REMY!

CANDRA'S MUTANT TELEKINETIC POWERS STRONG ENOUGH TO IMPRISON OZYMANDIAS --

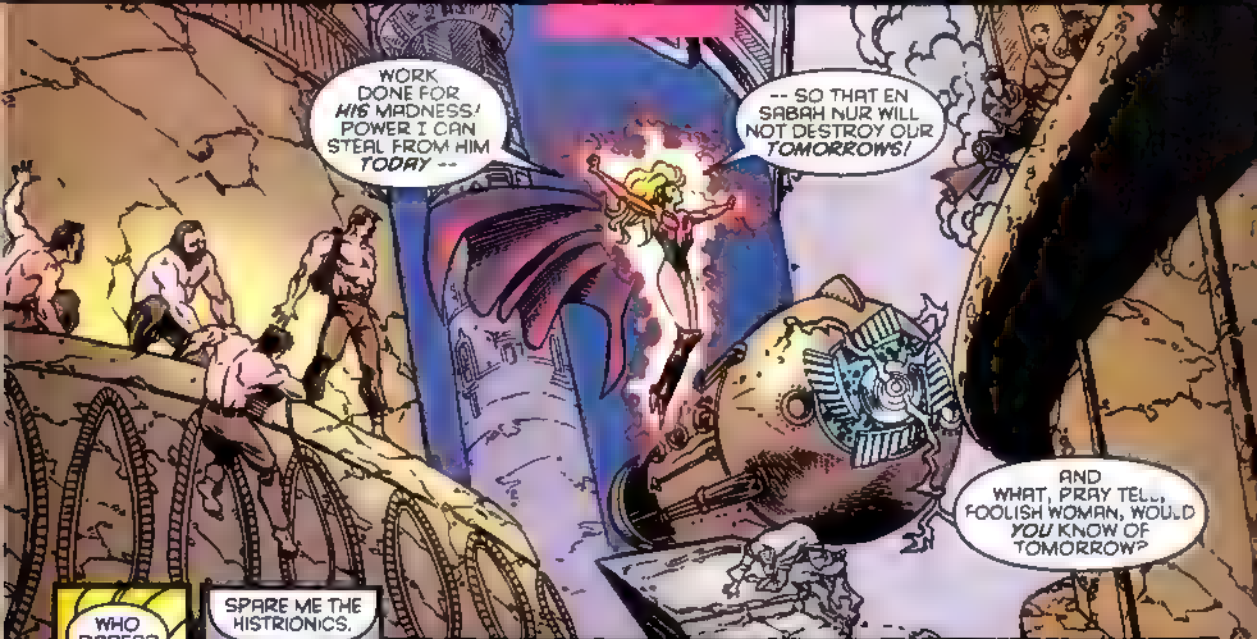
-- CAN EASILY GRIND THEIR BONES TO PASTE SHOULD IT CONNECT!

STOP! IMMEDIATELY!

YOU ARE BLINDLY DESTROYING THE PAINSTAKING WORK OF CENTURIES!

A SILENT, SIGHT-LESS AND INVISIBLE GUST OF ENERGY --

-- TEARS APART THE EDGE THEY HAD BEEN STANDING ON



WORK
DONE FOR
HIS MADNESS!
POWER I CAN
STEAL FROM HIM
TODAY --

-- SO THAT EN
SABAH NUR WILL
NOT DESTROY OUR
TOMORROWS!

AND
WHAT, PRAY TELL,
FOOLISH WOMAN, WOULD
YOU KNOW OF
TOMORROW?

WHO
DARES?

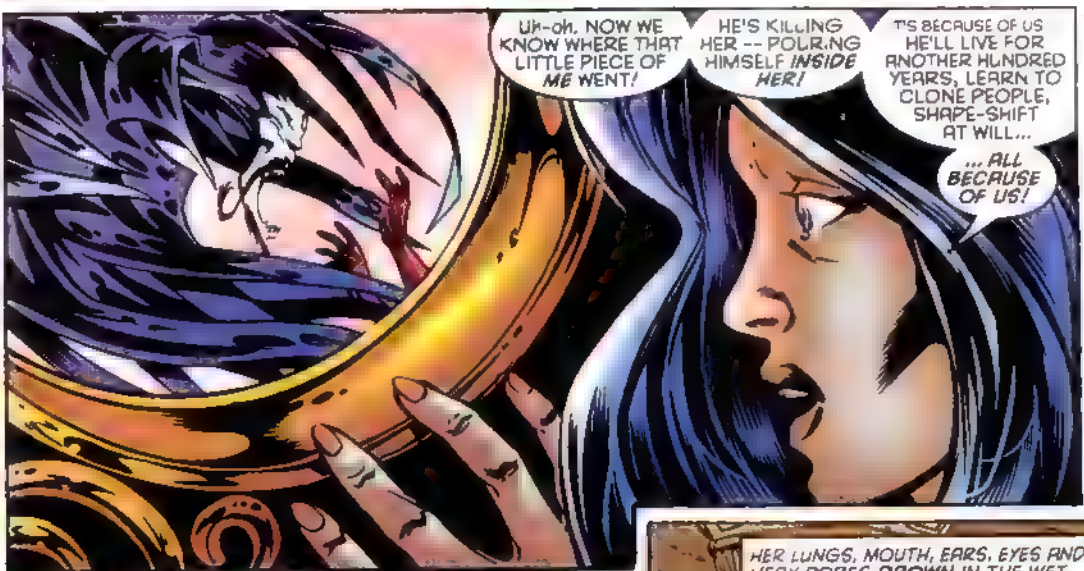
SPARE ME THE
HISTRIONICS.

YOU SEEK POWER FROM
WORDS CHISELED IN STONE?
FROM SCRIBBLINGS ON
YELLOWED PARCHMENT?
FROM MACHINES?

IT IS ONLY
WITHIN THE HEART
OF THE HUMAN
CELL THAT TRUE
POWER WILL BE
FOUND!

IT HAS
BEEN WITHIN
YOU SINCE BIRTH,
"IMMORTAL" --
AND NOW,
FINALLY --

-- IT IS
WITHIN ME
AS WELL!



UH-OH, NOW WE
KNOW WHERE THAT
LITTLE PIECE OF
ME WENT!

HE'S KILLING
HER -- POURING
HIMSELF INSIDE
HER!

IT'S BECAUSE OF US
HE'LL LIVE FOR
ANOTHER HUNDRED
YEARS, LEARN TO
CLONE PEOPLE,
SHAPE-SHIFT
AT WILL...

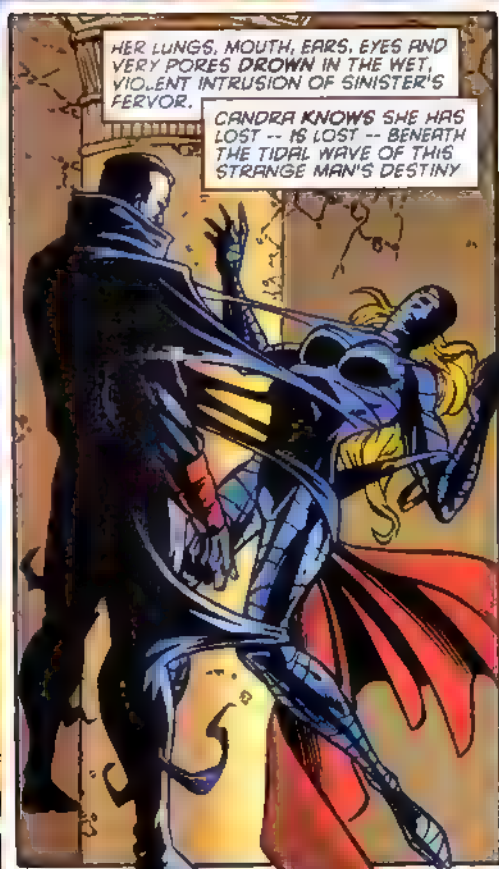
... ALL
BECAUSE
OF US!



LOOK AT THE
FUTURE, CANDRA!
WHERE YOL SEE
SOIL TO TROD
ON, I SEE A
GARDEN TO
GROW!

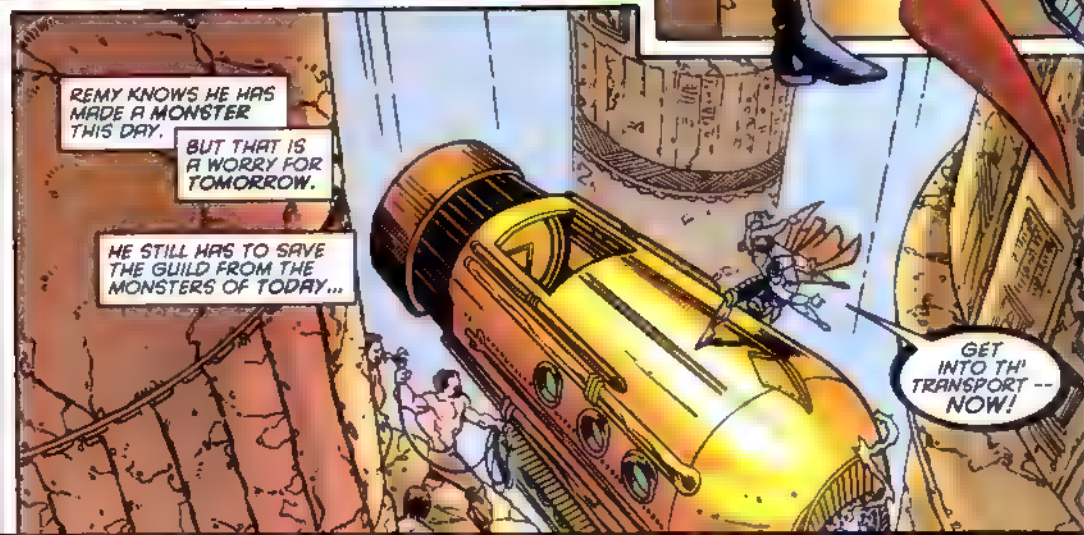
YOU ARE
NOTHING BUT A
STEPPING STONE
IN THE VICIOUS,
INEXORABLE
CLIMB OF HUMAN
EVOLUTION!

YOUR CHOICE
IS SIMPLE, WOMAN:
STEP ASIDE, OR BE
STEPPED UPON!



HER LUNGS, MOUTH, EARS, EYES AND
VERY PORES DROWN IN THE WET,
VIOLENT INTRUSION OF SINISTER'S
FERVOR.

CANDRA KNOWS SHE HAS
LOST -- IS LOST -- BENEATH
THE TIDAL WAVE OF THIS
STRANGE MAN'S DESTINY



REMY KNOWS HE HAS
MADE A MONSTER
THIS DAY.

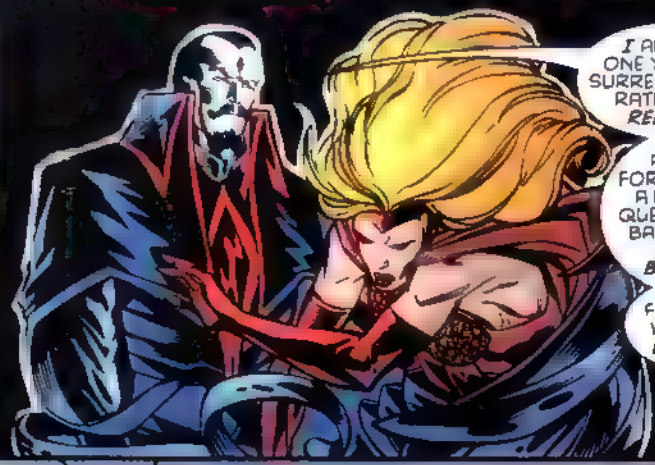
BUT THAT IS
A WORRY FOR
TOMORROW.

HE STILL HAS TO SAVE
THE GUILD FROM THE
MONSTERS OF TODAY...

GET
INTO TH'
TRANSPORT --
NOW!



ENOUGH
PLEASE -- BY ALL
THE GODS --
STOP



I AM NOT THE
ONE YOU SHOULD
SURRENDER TO, BUT
RATHER WHAT I
REPRESENT.

AS TO
ANSWERING
FOR ENGINEERING
A DUPL C.T.O.'S
QUEST BEHIND THE
BACK OF YOUR
IMMORTAL
BRETHREN...

... WELL,
FOR THAT YOU
WILL ANSWER
DIRECTLY --

"-- TO THEM!"

THE X-TERNALS STAND
BEFORE HER, JURY TO
SINISTER'S JUDGE

BURKE, GIDEON,
ABSALOM, SAUL
AND NICODEMUS.

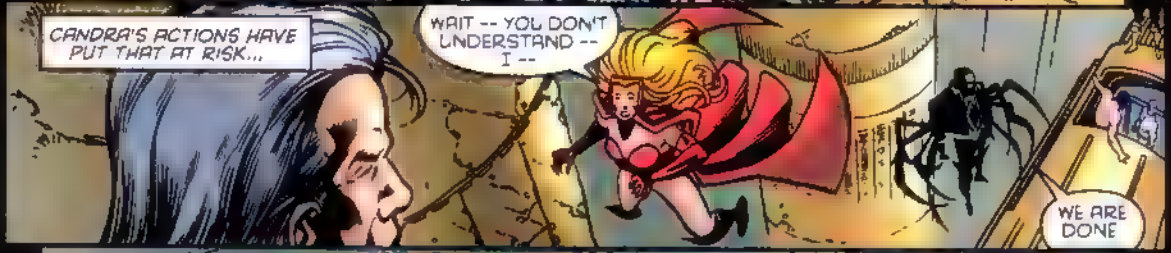
SOME ASCENDED
TO HIGH LORD
IMMORTALITY A
FEW YEARS AGO,
SOME A FEW
CENTURIES AGO.

ALL OF THEM KNOW EN
SABAH NUR'S CITADEL IS
NOT TO BE TOUCHED, HIS
GLACIER CRAWL TO POWER
NOT TO BE INTERRUPTED

THEIR GREATER GLORY AWAITS
THE MILLENNIAL DAWN... IF THEY
SURVIVE THAT LONG

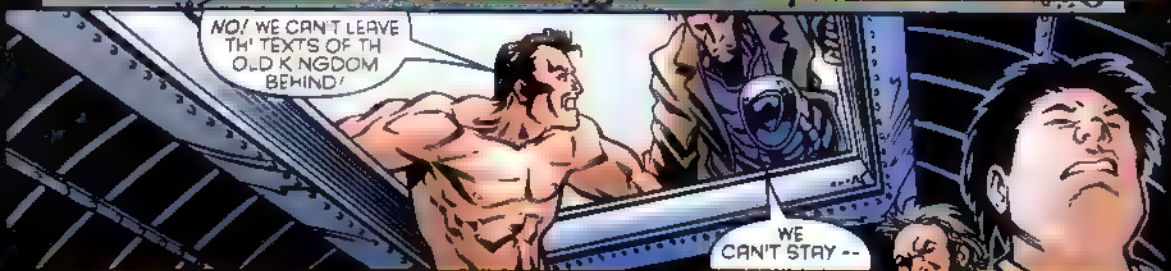
CANDRA'S ACTIONS HAVE
PUT THAT AT RISK...

WAIT -- YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND --
I --



WE ARE
DONE

NO! WE CAN'T LEAVE
TH' TEXTS OF TH
OLD K'NGDOM
BEHIND!



WE
CAN'T STAY --

-- AN' YOU CAN'T EXACTLY
FOLD FIFTY-FOOT-HIGH
STONE WALLS INTO
YOUR POCKET!

BUT MY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN
SEARCHIN' FOR DIS
FOR THOUSAN'S
A' YEARS!

AN' YOU'LL
HAVE T' WAIT A WHILE
LONGER, JACQUES!

YOU'RE NOT READY
FOR THAT KIND OF
KNOWLEDGE -- NOT
THAT KIND'A POWER
JUS' YET.

NOT UNTIL
TH' GUILD HAS
A LEADER WHO
UNDERSTANDS
WHAT T' DO
WIT' IT!

AN' WHO WOULD
DAT BE --
YOU?

ME AS TH'
GUILD LEADER.
THAT'S A GOOD
ONE, ROULER.

NON... IT
WILL BE JEAN
LUC!

I WOULD
GLADLY BEQUEATH
SUCH GREATNESS TO
MY SON, BUT WE CAN'T
WAIT DAT LONG!

DIS NIGHT, WE
HAVE DRANK DEEP
FROM THE WELL OF
KNOWLEDGE!

YOU
CAN'T JUS'
RIP DAT
INFORMATION
OUT OF OUR
BRAINS!

Hmm.

BUT OF
COURSE WE
CAN...



IT
IS DONE,
REMY...

Days Later --

-- IN SINISTER'S
UNDERGROUND
NEW YORK
LABORATORY...

AS YOU REQUESTED,
THE KNOWLEDGE OF
THE OLD KINGDOM,
TAKEN FROM THE
NEW ORLEANS GUILD
MEMBERS --

-- HAS BEEN
SECRETED WITHIN THE
RECESSES OF YOUR
OWN MIND.

AND THERE
THEY SHALL REMAIN,
UNTIL I -- OR A SURGEON
OF COMPARABLE SKILL,
MEANING NO ONE --
UNLOCKS THEM.

THEN THEY'LL
STAY WHERE
THEY ARE.

REALLY? WHILE
PERFORMING THE
SURGERY --

-- I NOTICED SOME *PREVIOUS* WORK
DONE TO THE BASE OF YOUR
CEREBELLUM.

RATHER
ADVANCED WORK,
THOUGH THE SUTURE
SCARS BEAR A *VERY*
FAMILIAR SIGNATURE
STYLE.

CARE TO EXPLAIN
THAT TO ME,
REMY?





NO.

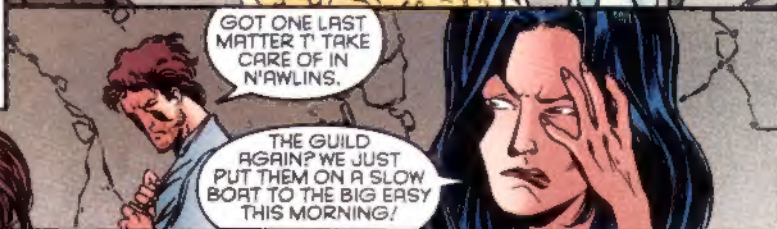


AS YOU WISH. I AM SURE I WILL COME TO UNDERSTAND...

... IN TIME.

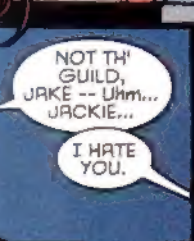
UNTIL THEN, REMY... WHENEVER THAT WILL BE...

WHAT NOW?



GOT ONE LAST MATTER I'LL TAKE CARE OF IN N'AWLINS.

THE GUILD AGAIN? WE JUST PUT THEM ON A SLOW BOAT TO THE BIG EASY THIS MORNING!



NOT TH' GUILD, JAKE -- Uhm... JACKIE...

I HATE YOU.

A LITTLE GIRL IS GONNA NEED A KNIGHT IN SHININ' ARMOR TO RESCUE HER.

BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO?

YAH.

WHAT ABOUT SINISTER? AREN'T YOU GOING TO TRY AND STOP HIM?

I CAN'T. HE'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN.

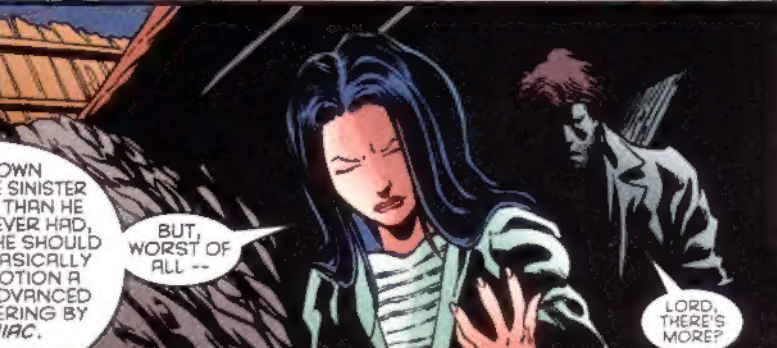
SEE GAMBIT #2. -- MIKE

OKAY, ON THE PLUS SIDE, WE'RE ALIVE, YOU SAVED YOUR GUILD -- EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE IDIOTS -- SET UP YOUR DAD TO BECOME THE KIND OF LEADER THE GUILD NEEDS, AND PUT THE SKIDS ON CANDRA FOR A HUNDRED YEARS.

ON THE DOWN SIDE, YOU GAVE SINISTER MORE POWER THAN HE SHOULD HAVE EVER HAD, SOONER THAN HE SHOULD HAVE HAD IT, BASICALLY SETTING IN MOTION A CENTURY OF ADVANCED GENETIC TINKERING BY THAT MANIAC.

BUT, WORST OF ALL --

LORD, THERE'S MORE?



-- I CAN'T
CHANGE BACK
TO A MAN!

I THINK
YOU WANT
T' STAY A
WOMAN.

SHUT
UP. LET'S GO
TO NEW ORLEANS,
AND THEN CAN WE
PLEASE GO HOME?!

WHAT?

WHAT'S
THAT LOOK
FOR?

Uhm... WE
DON'T HAVE A
WAY TO GO
FORWARD
IN TIME.

WHAT?!

WHEN
SEK SENT US
BACK, SHE
DIDN' HAVE TIME
T' PROGRAM
A RETRIEVAL
ORDER INTO
DOOM'S TIME
MACHINE.

AND I
KINDA DOUBT
SEK AN TH' MENO
BROTHERS GOT A
CHANCE TO, WHAT
WITH DOOMBOTS
ON THEIR BUTTS
AN' ALL.

I THINK
I'M GOING
TO CRY.

BUCK UP. BETWEEN THE
X-TERNALS, ETERNALS,
ANCIENT ONES, INHUMANS,
AN' CELESTIALS, I'M
SURE WE'LL FIND A
WAY HOME...

... EVENTUALLY...

NEXT:
WHAT
HAPPENED TO
SEK &
THE MENO
BROTHERS?

ROGUE

IS GOING TO
FIND OUT!